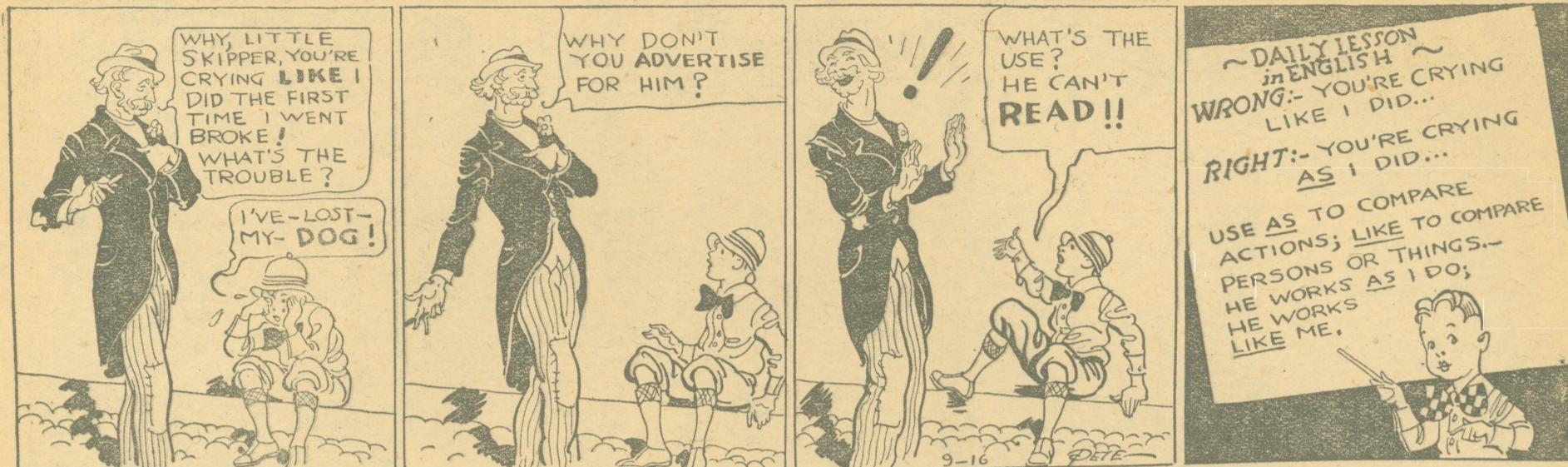


LAUGH AND LEARN—

Dog-gone!

By Kerry Conway



Rudy Disappointed In European Girl

(Continued from Page 14)

tion. I shall watch her more carefully from this time forth.

Does one ever know women?

One learns the ways of their hearts and finds that after all one has learned only a part. I think I shall profess ignorance, which will doubtless be the beginning of my real knowledge. Ignorance so often is, when we acknowledge it—

But, to go back and take up my story where I left it last night, at that first Italian luncheon table, I was about to recount an amusing incident that happened to us there.

Disillusioned on Return

You see, I had been away ten years. I didn't know whether the cigarettes were as good as they had been. And they used to be, I thought, very good indeed.

Since I landed at Cherbourg I have learned how many American things are superior to European ones: the chorus girls, the women in toto, the theater, the food, etc. I had conceived the notion of disappointment. I have come to be prepared for disappointment. And this philosophy of disappointment included cigarettes, which are so much a part of the smaller pleasures of my daily life.

Well, we had brought with us some cigarettes. As I crossed the frontier, I, of course, declared them (and the duty is something frightful). I paid 600 lire for 600 cigarettes, a lira apiece. At the rate of 24 lire for one dollar this would figure out about 5 cents apiece.

Of course the Macedonian tobacco sold in Italy is marvelous. The best tobacco in France is Egyptian, Maryland or Virginian. The Maryland brand is terrifically strong. For people not used to it, it all but chokes you. But Italy has this marvelous Turkish tobacco. It is a government monopoly, and, like monopolies—American jewels and gowns, for instance—is taxed.

Italy's Cigarettes? Ah!

Well, at luncheon I ordered some Italian cigarettes just for the curiosity of the thing, and, when I started smoking them, I found them even better than before. Oh, much better than my favorite cig-

**"Buried Alive,
My Hair Turned
Gray in Coffin,"**

Says Girl Who Was Saved From Tomb, in Amazing Story of Her Dread Experience.

Read Her Dramatic Narrative in

**Saturday's Week End
GRAPHIC
Magazine Section**

OTHER BIG FEATURES!

arette I had so precariously and so expensively procured for my consumption. Natacha had a marvelous time kidding me about my bringing them into the country!

Another funny incident occurred as we crossed the frontier. As we crossed, the first thing I had to do was to have my passport looked over by a carabineer, then by the custom house guard, who in Italy belongs to the unit of the regular militia. When the carabineer had looked at my papers, he asked me in Italian how long it was since I had been in Italy. I told him ten years.

Not Recognized

"You married an American," he said, with a very knowing look, as if quite accustomed and slightly amused at this order of things, "you made your fortune, and so you have come back home now!"

"No," I said, getting "on" to him; "not quite what you think, my friend. I work for my money."

He looked kindly, but scarcely convinced. Wasn't Natacha sitting by me, beautifully dressed, an American? Hadn't I been away for ten years? Wasn't I returning in a partially triumphal and luxurious manner? What more did he need to know? Hadn't he seen "this sort of thing" before?

He wouldn't have seen my pictures. Hardly any of the pictures in which I have appeared have been shown in Italy. I knew that much before I arrived here, but so great and widespread is picture publicity in America—yes, and in London, too—that while I knew the facts of the case it seemed hard to believe that no word of it all had reached parts of Italy.

To Show His Films to Sister

I knew from letters that my sister had not even seen "The Four Horsemen," and I am determined that when I reach Milan I shall arrange to have it shown for her.

Even she must have a very sketchy idea of what I have done and what it means—to me, at any rate. Letters are imperfect transcriptions of this particular kind of achievement. It is one of the things that must be seen to be believed in.

However, the lack of recognition doesn't trouble me much. On the contrary, it pleases me immensely that no one knows me. For, after all, I am come home for a rest and not for personal appearance. In this guise of strangeness I can the better observe without being observed myself.

Well, it was 6 o'clock when we got through with the authorities. Growing late. It was later still when luncheon was over and we were ready to take the open road once more.

Danger Ahead

We were fairly near Genoa; had only 250 kilometers still to go. But the 250 kilometers were over a tortuous road following the coast. Gorgeous road in the matter of scenery, but terrible to drive through.

It is nearing September; summer is dying in a prolonged ecstasy of glory. And the Italian scenery seemed almost conscious of this splendid death, so magnificently did it unfold before us.

The road seemed to be the only factor of the landscape unaware of the glory of the season. Dirt, dirt, dirt! We thought we had come through dust and dirt before, but, now that we are in Italy, we realize that we were but amateurs before.

Undaunted by Worst Roads

About a foot of dirt came up from the road as we went through. Stones, too! The Italian government, you see, has no money to keep the roads in good condition since the war. People on the side of the roads crack the stones. Then they throw these cracked stones into the roads and let the automobiles and carts chip them and the rain smooth them down. No steam rollers. An ingenious economy—for the government, but not so good for the unfortunate motorists who are not, perhaps, as eager as they might be to improve the government roads at their tires' expense, not to mention their countenances, their clothes and their nerves.

And, when you add to the above items the fact that the roads wind like so many writhing serpents, you have a sum total that might well daunt the most adventurous motorist.

When we finally got into Genoa it was midnight.

Falls Asleep in His Arms

And there in Genoa, at midnight, beloved Natacha had a nervous breakdown.

Between the dust, the rumbling of the motor, the sense of impending and immediate danger, she was absolutely fagged out. The strain that has been telling on her all along came to an end. A collapse. It was just the last straw. This is why we have remained over the other day.

To see Natacha so was a shock to me, too. For I have never seen her so before. She sobbed and wept like a child, and could not be quieted. I was up with her most of the night, doing all of the soothing and calming things I could think of doing. Toward morning she fell asleep in my arms and awoke this morning, feeling refreshed and quieted and insisting that she was quite all right to go on as we had planned.

"The Sheik" pours forth the fire of his spirit in tomorrow's installment of his intimate life. Don't miss it. He tells Natacha of his first love—the Amaryllis of his boyhood; of the Neapolitan love sonnets he warbled beneath her window until she appeared to his enraptured heart. He pours forth his heart confessions as he is nearing home—his dream come true. It is packed with glamour of love and romance and passion as only "The Great Lover" could write. In tomorrow's GRAPHIC.

**Italians Rule
In Bank Circles**

(Continued from Page 12)

Italians and Americans is Leono Perera. Mr. Perera is a shining example of an Italian "who

has come to stay." His wife is an American, his son an honor student at Princeton University and his daughter an honor student at Bryn Mawr.

And Wall Street may well take pride in the distinguished Count Thanon De Revel, a born gentleman, a born aristocrat and a hard worker. Equally at ease at his desk in a brokerage office in the deep canyons of the financial district or in his ancestral home in Italy, he is the son of an ancient and noble Italian family.

He means to make America his home and has taken out his first papers. He will do his part in the building of America. Count De Revel is, by the way, the head of the Fascist League in America, of which I shall speak in another article.

All Are Hard Workers

Many old and highly cultured families of Italy are represented in our financial district. The titled and aristocratic Italian believes in—and applies—the gospel of hard work no less than his humbler brother.

Some of the Italian banks in New York are, of course, simply branch offices, the headquarters of which are in Rome, or Milan, and which have branches, not only in New York, but in many other cities of the world.

An interesting feature in this

(Continued on Page 26)

**Night of Murders
Charlotte Unaafraid**

Continued from Page 10)

looked worried, too, and I began to have a terrible feeling as if something must have happened. But nothing like what did happen ever crossed my mind.

Close as I was to mother, and much as I loved her, not a shadow of presentiment came to me. . . . And there they both were, lying dead in a thicket under a crabapple tree. Out there. . . . My mother!

Tomorrow: Charlotte Mills describes the terrible days following the discovery of the Hall-Mills murder and reveals vital events in connection with the tragedy. Watch The GRAPHIC tomorrow.

**U.S. Travellers
In Liner Crash**

PARIS, Sept. 16 (By U. P.)—The French liner Savoie, with many Americans aboard, was in collision with a cargo boat, but escaped without injury, the line announced today.

The Savoie was damaged on the port side above the water line. The vessel sailed from Havre September 11 for New York, and continued her voyage after the collision.

Lonely Hearts

NOTICE—The Lonely Hearts Column serves as a medium through which lonely persons who write to The GRAPHIC may be introduced to congenial companions. No names will be published. Letters accompanied by a reference and inclosing a stamp will be forwarded to the proper parties. If you are lonely, write to this department and watch for your letter to appear in this column. White letters will be exchanged as promptly as possible. The GRAPHIC, of course, cannot be responsible when correspondents fail to answer. Address Lonely Hearts Column, New York Evening GRAPHIC, 25 City Hall Place.

LAYS CLAIM TO CHARM

Lonely Hearts: An attractive brunette, Jewish, 19 years old, 5 feet 3, slim, and with a charming personality, would be interested in meeting a young man of the same faith.

PEARL.

AMBITIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL

Lonely Hearts: I am 27, 5 feet 6, ambitious and succeeding in my chosen line of work. I would like to make the acquaintance of an attractive and sincere girl—one who prefers outdoor life to dance hall surroundings. I am German and eager to get rid of my accent.

CARL.

A LONELY CONVALESCENT

Lonely Hearts: I am a young woman of 19, a stenographer. Have just come home from a hospital where a slight operation was performed on my ankle and which, although healed, will keep me indoors for a month or so. As I am very lonely I would like to hear from girls or fellows about my own age. I am blonde, 5 feet 7.

MARY BLUE.

BROTHER AND SISTER

Lonely Hearts: We are brother and sister; have just moved here from Maryland and are very anxious to meet young Protestant boys and girls. We are jolly, neat dressers and lovers of all clean sports and amusements.

TOM AND SUE

HE LACKS NERVE

Lonely Hearts: An ambitious young German, tall and good looking, holding a steady position, is longing for a nice pal. He's bashful, hasn't the nerve to talk to a girl, and is lonely and homesick.

JOHN E.

LONELY? WRITE TO

Hennie, a modern girl of 18, Jewish, seeks friendship of an intelligent man.

Allalone, a French-American young man, 27, linguist, wants to meet a congenial girl.

Tito, a young man of 23, professional, South American, Catholic, member of distinguished family, wants to meet an American girl of Catholic faith.

Jeffrey, a young man of 22, Californian, Protestant, has traveled extensively; interested in writing. He's 6 feet 1, weighs 170 pounds, blond; wants to hear from a girl between 19 and 22.